

PATRICIAN

Shoe for Women

\$350 and \$400



The Store

Exclusive "PATRICIAN" Agency in Richmond.

It's a beautiful store, elegantly furnished and fully equipped—just such a shoe store as I knew Richmond should have.

I am gratified at the steady increase in my business, due, of course, largely to the dependable quality of PATRICIAN Shoes, but also, in some degree, to the character of service always rendered to every customer. The combination holds my old trade and adds new and satisfied buyers every week.

SEYMOUR CYCLE
PATRICIAN
Shoe
11 W. BROAD ST.



The Shoe

The Embodiment of Style, Fit and Durability.

From the purchase of the leathers to the last stage of production PATRICIAN Shoes are a conscientious product. Since I first introduced PATRICIAN Shoes to discriminating Richmond women to the present season's display the price of PATRICIAN has been based upon the exact cost of production, with a conscientious margin of profit. The price appeals, and the shoe is honest in every detail. I guarantee satisfaction.

Do You Notice How the Shopping District is Steadily Extending Westward?

Wadesboro Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Wadesboro, N. C., November 19.—Mrs. J. G. Boylin spent Saturday and Sunday in Newton with relatives.
Mrs. W. L. Little spent Saturday and Sunday in Charlotte. She was accompanied by her son, Edward, and daughter, Sarah.
Miss Eva Huntley left Saturday for Union county. She will teach a school near the South Carolina line.
Miss Myra Wilson spent Sunday with the family of Eli Griggs, of Guilford township.
Miss Mabel Patrick has returned from Southmont.
Mr. and Mrs. F. Ed. Thomas have returned from their bridal tour and will be at the home of Mrs. T. B. Henry.
Miss Cora Morton, of Charlotte, spent Sunday here with her brother, W. M. Morton.
J. B. Tarlton, of White Star, spent several days last week in Rockingham and other adjacent points.
Mrs. Julia Holcomb, of Rockingham, spent Sunday and yesterday with the family of John Jones.
Mrs. Arch McRae is spending a few days with Mrs. D. A. Redfern, near Long Pine.
Misses Berta Cripps, Susie Little and Master Allen Little, spent Sunday in Gibson with Mrs. N. T. Fletcher and other relatives.
Mrs. J. H. Rice delightedly entertained the members of the First Baptist Church Monday afternoon. After the program, which was in charge of the president, Mrs. T. B. Henry, Mrs. Rice served a salad course, with coffee and cake. Twenty-five women were present and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.
Mrs. W. C. Via was the charming hostess of the Tuesday Afternoon Club at her home on West Wade Street, this week. Several invited guests, in addition to the members of the club, enjoyed the afternoon. Mrs. Via served dainty refreshments at the conclusion of the program.

FALLING HAIR

Easy to Stop it and Make it Lustrous and Beautiful ask Tragle

If your hair is falling out or if you have dull, unattractive hair, or if you need a daily hair dressing, read what Mrs. Hettie Hedgman, of Nelsonville, Erie county, Ohio, writes June 3, 1910, about Parisian Sage:

"I used Parisian Sage for falling hair and find it the finest thing I ever heard of. My hair was falling out by combs full, and I could run my fingers through it and they would hang full of loose hair. I washed my hair and got a bottle of Parisian Sage, and used two applications and I could see a great difference. My hair was lustrous and nice, and had almost stopped falling out and by the use of one more bottle it stopped altogether."

For women, for men or for children Parisian Sage is without any doubt the finest preparation for the hair.

It is guaranteed by Tragle to stop hair from falling; to eradicate dandruff and stop itching scalp in two weeks, or money back.

It is a most daintily perfumed and refreshing hair dressing, free from grease or stickiness, and ought to be in every home where every member of the family could use it daily. Large bottle 50 cents at Tragle's and druggists everywhere. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package.

Reidsville Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Reidsville, N. C., November 19.—Miss Hunter Irvin, of Greensboro, N. C., spent several days here last and this week, with relatives and friends.
Mrs. W. D. Stoch and little daughter, Elizabeth, are visiting relatives in Greensboro, N. C.
J. D. Bivins, editor of Stanley Enterprise, came over last Friday, and spent a few days with Mrs. Bivins, who had been spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Staples, on Lindsey Street. They both returned to their home in Albemarle, N. C., on Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Magruder, of Danville, Va., were the guests of Mrs. John G. Staples last Sunday. James E. Williamson, of Worthville, N. C., the brother of Mrs. Magruder, met them here with his touring car, and took them over to Burlington, N. C., to visit relatives there.
Mrs. S. G. Jett, who has been on a visit to Roanoke, Va., returned this week.

Miss Annie Sloan went over to Salisbury, N. C., last Monday to attend the unveiling of the statue from the State of Pennsylvania, in memory of United States soldiers buried in National Cemetery there, and also to attend other special functions to which she had been invited.

Miss Mary Benbow, of Greensboro, N. C., is the guest this week of Miss Lily Watt Penn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Penn, on Main Street.

Mrs. J. H. Benson has returned from an extended visit to her daughter in Sanford, Fla.

Misses Mattie and Willie Rice, who have been visiting at the home of A. H. Jones, returned this week to their home in Caswell, N. C.

Blackburg Social News
[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Blackburg, Va., November 19.—Miss Pearl Jones and John Brady were married very quietly here Thursday evening, in the home of the bride's uncle, George W. Bodell. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. P. Hamill, of the Methodist Church, only the immediate family being present. Mr. and Mrs. Brady will make their home in Blackburg.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry B. Pace returned from a month's wedding trip through the North Thursday.

Mrs. Daniel Swink and Mrs. Mattie McCorkle, of Lexington, with Mrs. J. W. Arnold, of Natural Bridge, are guests of the Misses Houston here.

Franklin Romera and Miss Romera, of Havana, Cuba, are spending two weeks at the Blackburg Inn.

Mrs. W. H. Johnson and little son, of Winston-Salem, N. C., are guests of the former's sister, Mrs. J. B. Tutwiler, here.

Miss Louise Neilson, registrar of the V. P. I., is visiting Mrs. W. D. Saunders, at "Beak Hill," in Franklin county.

Miss Lella Montague, of Christiansburg, is the house guest of her cousin, Miss Laura Miller, at "Fiddlers' Green."

William C. Ellett left Thursday to

Freeliving Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Freeliving, Va., November 19.—Walter E. Beverly, of Rocky Mount, is visiting relatives and friends at Freeliving. Claude F. Beverly is at Georges Fork. Fred M. Sutherland, of Bluefield, is in town.

Mrs. Sarah Taylor, of Isom, is visiting relatives here.

Nelson Hallir is at Coeburn. Eugene Danron, of Clintwood, is here.

Delbert Davis, of Chevalis, Wash., is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis, of this place.

Andrew J. Counts, of Isom, is here. Charles Harrison is at Norfolk.

Master Willie McFall, of Boilecamp, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William McFall, of this place.

Wiley B. Trivitt is at Georges Fork. George Mullins, of Isom, is here.

Frederick's Hall Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Frederick's Hall, Va., November 19.—Miss Ellen Cherry, of Hampton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Price.

Miss Lucy Hope has returned to the home of Major A. J. Richardson, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Bettie Bibb, of Richmond, was the recent guest of friends here.

Mrs. T. C. Garrett spent several days in Richmond last week.

Miss Bettie Garrett, of Buckner, is visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. William Parrish is spending some time with relatives in Richmond.

Miss Bettie Richardson has returned home after spending several months with relatives in Richmond.

Dr. C. R. Sherry, who has been under medical treatment in Richmond for the past two weeks, has returned home.

Malvern Hill Social News

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Malvern Hill, Va., November 19.—The Lend-a-Hand Circle of King's Daughters of Grace Church, Granville, held its regular monthly meeting on Thursday at 2:30 P. M. Those present were: Mesdames H. S. Saunders, William T. Johnson, S. A. Clark, William J. Hogan and J. M. Bell, Misses Mary E. Carter, Florence Eberley and Florence Harper.

Mrs. Carter Wellford, of "Sabine Hall," is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Bury Drewry, at her home, "Edge-wood."

Miss Sue Ruffin, who is a teacher in the Louisa Courthouse public schools, has been visiting her father, John Ruffin, at "Evolution," for the past two weeks, owing to the schools at Louisa being closed because of diphtheria.

J. Porter, of Washington, D. C., who has been the guest of Edward Harrison at "Neston," for the past week, left on Wednesday for Richmond, en route to his home.

Felix Jones, Sr., and C. Talley, of Richmond, are the guests of William J. Hogan, at his home, "Dorham."

Mrs. J. A. Clark and Mrs. S. A. Clark returned to their home, "Harden," after spending several days in Richmond.

A party of hunters, among whom were Edmund Saunders, H. S. Saunders, W. C. Wilcox, John Ruffin, Hugh T. Harrison and Tom Ellett, of Richmond, spent Wednesday hunting on Buckland stock farm. The party met with poor luck, shooting only one turkey and a few birds.

Miss Sally Harrison, of Cumberland county, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Sue Harrison, at "Neston."

T. C. Ellett, of Richmond, is the guest of E. A. Saunders, third, at Buckland's stock farm.

"How I Became an Aviator"

By ALFRED LEBLANC

Is there any more thankless task than to search your memory and describe your life?

Sitting at this table with a pile of blank sheets in front of me, which have to be filled, and whose whiteness scares me, the pen grows heavy in my hand, the words disappear, the sentences refuse to come, and the memory blurs. I am going to make a poor writer of memories.

I feel that were I only three or four hundred metres up in the air, in these hours of the morning when sky and earth were united, were in my true element, serene and calm, I might possibly tell of my life.

It is a few moments after the start. You glide or lose yourself in silent motion. There in the vast quiet space would be a good place to look backwards and live your past over again.

Lonely and full of plenty of hard work, my childhood passed, dreary and uneventful, silent as the clouds I pass on my way through the air. Ask me what I was only twelve then—I am forty now—and I constructed kites. I had a mania for making them big. Being a genuine Paris boy, I tried them

at Buttes-Chamont, as old tradition demands, but, alas, I was a poor constructor, and none of my kites would fly, except one which, on a windy day, nearly carried me away with it.

I shall never forget the wonderful feeling of being raised off my feet, carried on the wings of the wind. The cord, a fine British linen one, light and strong, cut into my fingers. Then it broke, and, to my great despair, away went my kite. This was my first fight with the winds. I have later taken my revenge—last time between Charleville and Douai.

But I soon had to give up kites for mathematics. At an early age I became charmed with the exact sciences. My love of these and of sport gave me the greatest pleasures of my youth.

I entered a metal factory, where, after working as a plain laborer, I finally became superintendent.

Several of those who during long years worked at my side or under my orders have done as I have left the workshop and entered the struggle for the conquest of the air. I have been the boss for some, the subordinate of others. All have remained my friends, and of that I am proud. Aviation is the most equalizing and the most cordial of sports. Liberated from the daily treadmill and its sterile egoism, all of us, former masters and employers, are now struggling with the same adventurous and noble task. There is nothing so powerful, nothing

that brings hearts more closely together than a common ideal.

I made my first flight in 1904, six years ago. A friend of mine, M. Auguste Nicolleau, member of the Aero Club, initiated me and became my teacher. If to-day I possess some knowledge of things aerial, it is to him and to my practice in a balloon I owe it. I consider this novice indispensable to aviators. It was while ballooning I became acquainted with air currents; that I learned to keep a cool head in a whirlwind and give battle to it. To have overcome the assistance of nature is a very fine thing, but you must also learn to conquer its hostility.

It is only a year since I gave up myself to pure aviation, and that I made my first trip in a monoplane. But since March, 1907, when Bleriot made his first attempt, I have never ceased to believe in the rapid, triumphant and certain progress of this admirable sport.

Like Bleriot, who became my teacher, with him and for him, I am proud to say, I have never ceased to have faith with all my will and all my heart in his final success. After a term at the school of aviation of Pont Longue, near Pau, where I was the first pupil, I received my pilot's certificate and unhesitatingly gave up the management of my factory to devote myself body and soul to the task I had set myself. I have followed Bleriot in all his feats from the memorable flight from Etampes to Ohevilly on July 13, 1909, until his glorious and never-to-be-forgotten crossing of the channel eleven days later.

When I decided after a few months later to try my own wings it was less because it was in my own interest to do so, but because of the pleasure I take in flying. In spite of very flattering offers made me from all sides

I have never consented and never will consent to take part in any exhibition of flying in any country. When I consented to go to America to fly for the Gordon Bennett cup, it was because I saw an opportunity to maintain the superiority of French aviation.

When I return I shall devote my best efforts to the school of aviation founded by Bleriot, who has done me the honor of asking me to become his head.

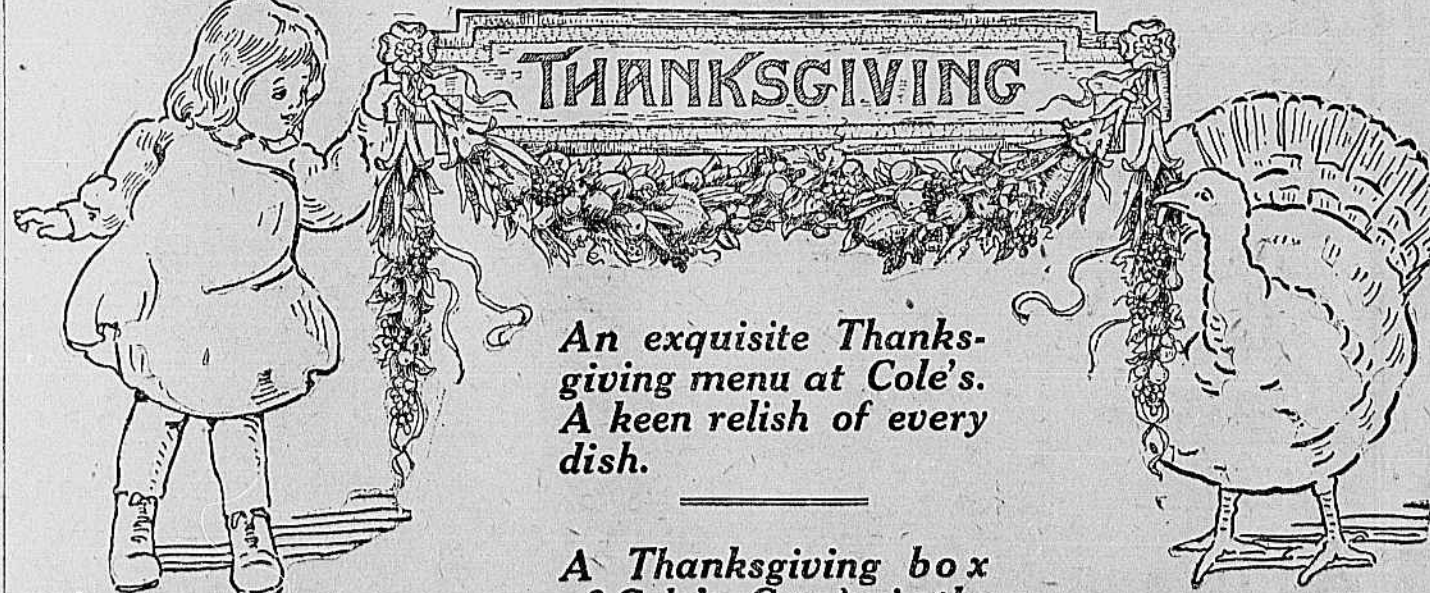
I will teach all my dear pupils, who are nearly all young men, future pioneers of the air, whose enthusiasm supports my own, in accordance with the peripatetic method, and on long strolls with them along the highways of the air, will teach them the secrets of their profession, the dogmas I have found through my own experiences, courage and tenacity, the two main wings on which they must rely.

I will tell them about the "Circuit de l'Est," that memorable ramble which marked a giant stride forward in French aviation and definitely conquered the hearts of the whole people. Far be it from me to attribute its success to myself.

What you love in the swallow is not the swallow itself, but the spring it is the forerunner of.

The battle is won. The present enthusiasm is not a passing mood. One of the oldest and most cherished dreams of man is near the spring, time of its fulfillment. In the joy of this, old quarrels are forgotten. Science and poetry have become reconciled, the brows smoothed, the eyes brightened. It is the blue truce!

It is our pride and our joy as we ride along the countless roads of the sky that the old chimera has at last come to realization and that we are able to spread enthusiasm about us, and make people raise their heads as we pass.



An exquisite Thanksgiving menu at Cole's. A keen relish of every dish.

A Thanksgiving box of Cole's Candy is the one suitable present for young and old alike. Different from all others. "DIFFERENT" because it's SUPERIOR.

COLE'S,
309 E. Broad

Publicity Bureau of Richmond